Weekly Colonist.

FRIDAY, MAY 22, 1885

OKANAGAN LAND TROUBLES.

Land troubles between Indians and whites have, as a rule, previously been those in which the white man' has been made to appear in the light of the aggressor. Judging, however, from a letter published in the Sentinel over the joint signatures of Armstrong & Phillips, and dated from their place at Okanagan, the Indians (instigated they assert by Mr. J. W. McKay, the Indian agent there) are behaving in a high-handed manner and are having everything their own way,—even to the entry upon and claiming as Indian reserve, land which has been fenced and held by white men for the last twenty years. An extract from the letter, whose moderate tone has a tendency to carry with it a conviction of the truth, will better explain the position the Indians have taken. The charges are made interrogatively: "Is he (J. W. McKay) ignorant of the fact that they hauled away a quarter of a mile of our fence last February, that was on what is known as the 'Allison ranch,' our real estate. This was proved before T. Wood, a magistrate. Our loss we cannot at present estimate but we expect the Indian agent is responsible for damages, as the Indians are acting under his instructions. Is he aware that 'his wards' are wasting water required for irrigation? Is he aware that the 'pets' throw down our fences daily and turn their horses into our fields? Is he aware that they have stopped the trail in several places to obstruct travel? Is he aware that the 'noble braves' have destroyed the survey stakes at 'the Allison ranch' property to confuse the lines? Is he aware that this 'Indian settlement,' as he calls it, has been in Mr. Allison's possession for over 20 years? Is he aware that our house and orchard has been on this so-called 'Indian settlement' for over 15 years? Is he aware that the noted ——— Chief and his band of Indians, consisting of 2 Indians and a boy, took forcible possession of the said camp last winter, claiming to be working under Indian Agent McKay's instructions—said lands having been under fence for over 20 years, and for which we have Crown grants, or pre-emption records?"

In conclusion Messrs. Armstrong and Phillips mention having received from W. W. Spinks a notification that they were trespassers upon an Indian reserve. This information referring to land which has been held by its occupants for over twenty years is, to employ a vulgarism, decidedly "tough;" and, moreover, coming as it does after such a long period of undisturbed possession, is open to doubt. If the land is as claimed by Spinks, several questions would be opened up; not the least of which would be those of *bona fide* occupancy, and the very late day at which has been imparted the knowledge that the agent is presumed to have possessed all along. The strictest enquiry should be made and the matter thoroughly sifted.

CANNED GOODS.

Sir Alexander Campbell introduced in the Senate a few days ago a bill entitled "An Act Respecting Canned Goods." The bill provides that, except in the case of goods packed previously to the passing of this act, every package of canned goods sold or offered for sale in Canada after the first of January, 1886, shall have attached thereto or imprinted thereon a label or stamp setting forth in legible characters the name and address of the person, firm or company by whom the same was packed, or of the dealer who sells the same or offers it for sale, and that every such package containing goods prepared for products which have been dried previously to being so prepared, shall in addition be labelled or stamped with the word "Soaked." The penalty incurred by any person violating any provision of this section is for the first offence two dollars for every package, and for subsequent offence not less than four dollars nor more than twenty. The governor-in-council may declare certain sized packages to be the standard size, and after the publication in the Canada Gazette of such standard size every person who places on any package containing goods or articles in respect of which such standard size has been so established, and which package does not correspond with the standard size, any label, stamp, or mark purporting to specify the quantity or weight of the contents or the size of the package, shall incur a penalty of twenty-five cents for each package in respect of which the provisions of this section have been violated. Anybody who falsely represents the quantity or weight of the contents or the size of any such package shall incur a penalty of two dollars for each package, provided always that the variation of one-half ounce in the pound shall not be deemed a violation of the provisions of this section. The penalty for falsely representing the date of the original packing is two dollars per package. These provisions shall not apply to such foreign goods, not put up in Canada, as are excepted from the operation of this act by the governor-in-council. This bill repeals section 4 of act 47 Vic., chap 36.

SHALL THE CHINESE VOTE?

On Monday the fight was resumed and a lively discussion took place on the question as to whether John Chinaman should have the franchise. Sir John moved the insertion in the bill of the words "and excluding a Chinaman," thus debarring the Mongolians from the privilege. Peter Mitchell maintained that a Chinaman was as good as an Indian and thought he should have the vote. Then Casey wanted to know what was the technical meaning of the word Chinaman. There was nothing to prevent a Chinaman from becoming a British subject, and then he would not be a Chinaman at all. How would he be affected by the bill? Sir John saw the force of the objection and changed the wording of his proposition to "excluding a person of Mongolian or Chinese race." Mr. Gault said there were a number of Chinamen in Montreal who were industrious people. He believed they voted at the last election and he thought they should not be deprived of their votes. Messrs. Davies, Weldon and Gilmor spoke. The latter highly eulogized the Chinese, and said they compared favorably with those Christian people, the whites of British Columbia! There was a lot more trash of this description from the hon. member; but his observations met with approval from a very small minority. Mr. Gilmor thinks he is a wit, but his joke fell rather flat on the house: Mr. Baker pretty well riddled the hon. member when he had concluded his speech. He deplored the undesirability of giving the vote to the Chinese and said he thought ordinary courtesy might have prompted Mr. Gilmor to allow the members from British Columbia to know what was going on there, and what was best for their province. Mr. Homer, in a brief speech, pointed out that if allowed to vote the entire control of the province would pass into the hands of the Chinese. The secretary of state said the Chinese themselves were not anxious to have the rights of citizenship, and under those circumstances there was no use in giving them the vote. The debate was closed by Mr. Shakespeare who pointed out the evil effects following the conferring of the municipal franchise in British Columbia. The amendment of the premier was adopted and the heathen Chinee excluded from the franchise.

IMPERIAL UNITY.

The movement which has been steadily growing for years past, and which last November culminated in the formation in England of the imperial federation league has extended to Canada. A meeting has just been held in the capital, at which many senators and members of parliament were present, for the purpose of taking steps to further the objects of the league in bringing the mother country and the colonies into closer union. The federal idea is a grand one, and no patriot of the British race but can feel a thrill of pride at the thought of our becoming one united empire, powerful enough to stand out against the world. The movement is still in its embryo stages; but there is no telling to what magnitude it may attain. There are many difficulties in the way of the proposed federation; several plans have already been suggested as to how it should be consummated, but it can only be by years of patient work and discussion that we can evolve a plan satisfactory to all the contracting parties. In the meantime the ground is being cleared. We, in Canada, have got our own confederation, and the Australian colonies are just following suit. This is all preparatory work. Then the league organization is actively influencing public opinion in England, and at the meeting held at Ottawa the other day it was unanimously decided to assemble in Montreal on the 9th of May for the purpose of forming a Canadian branch of the league. Our representative, Mr. Baker, is taking an active interest in the movement, and he is announced as one of the speakers at the public meeting to be held at Ottawa to further the objects of the federalists.

THE RAILWAY CHARGES.

The Inland Sentinel is much exercised (and justly, if the detailed charges it gives are fair samples) at the rates charged on the Onderdonk section of the C. P. R. It states that nine 70lb boxes of oranges on their way from Victoria to Kamloops were subjected to a charge of $4.50 upon each box. Seven dollars and thirty cents per one hundred pounds were charged as freight on coal oil. The Sentinel adds that goods charged double first-class are in some instances billed at nearly double weights, and sometimes even more than that; redress for such overcharges appearing to be almost impossible. In addition, a "warehouse" charge of $2.50 per ton at Savona is made. These and many other grievances are set forth by the Sentinel against Mr. Onderdonk's agents who still have at some point along their line a package of paper that was consigned to the Sentinel over two months' ago.

Our Fire Brigade.

TO THE EDITOR:—While amongst a crowd of spectators in the neighborhood of the fire, this morning, I overheard, more than once, disparaging remarks concerning the manner in which the firemen were doing their duty. I think expressions of such a nature most uncalled for and ungrateful, for having witnessed large fires in the principal cities in England, where the firemen receive a salary for their services, and follow no occupation other than that of suppressing fires, I am in a position to state that the local volunteer fire brigade compare most favorably with them. Professional fireman could not be quicker in getting their apparatus into action than are the Victorians, whose activity I have had occasion to admire whenever I have seen them battling with the relentless flood.

Even though it were contended with truth that there is room for improvement, these brave volunteers should be encouraged rather by praise than by the inoolent and ill-natured remarks of those who are either too idle or too fond of their own comfort to assist in handling cold, wet and dirty hose-pipe.

May 19th, 1885. A CITIZEN.

BATTLEFORD.

The Indian Loss in the Recent Engagement.

Otter Wants Reinforcements.

BATTLEFORD, May 7.—Col. Otter has not yet decided on his plans for the future. The attack on Poundmaker must be renewed, but cannot be without reinforcements. It is believed that their loss in the action had been heavy. It is not known whether Big Bear is with Poundmaker or not. The wounded are all keeping well. They are in comfortable quarters, with the best of attendance.

A GALLANT ACTION.

Private Lloyd was wounded in the back while assisting Private Acheson in the heroic rescue of one of our dead from falling into the hands of the enemy. Three of the other wounded men—Cooper, Varey, and Watts—were shot in a gallent charge on the enemy, led by Lieutenant Brock.

THE INDIANS' LOSS.

It is reported to-night that a letter has been received in camp from a priest at Poundmaker's stating that the Indians' loss on Saturday was 125.

THE WITHDRAWAL.

Two seven-pounders became disabled by trails breaking down during the engagement, and to this Col. Otter's withdrawal is attributed before the enemy was almost completely silenced. The return was made in perfect order, and was covered by a perfect piece of generalship.

NO SLEEP.

The men had no sleep the night before and no breakfast. Several of the men fell asleep while lying in the skirmishing line, where the enemy had been silenced for some time. The sun was very hot and no water could be got. The Indians have received severe punishment, and will get more of it. Reinforcements are now on the way up from Swift Current.

POUNDMAKER'S RESERVE.

Poundmaker's reserve is about thirty-five miles from Battleford, on the south side of the Battle river and nearly due west. For ten or twelve miles from the village the trail leads through a partially settled country, and after that there is no settlement. For the entire distance the country is rough and full of bluffs. The reserve itself is situated in one of the most fertile spots in the country, and in a very picturesque location. The reserve is 10 miles long by 6 broad, and contains many bluffs and rising hills. It is well timbered with large poplars. The trail runs through the northern part of the reserve, and the village is scattered through it. There would be from thirty to sixty houses and fully one hundred tepees.

THE PLUNDER.

Nearly all the looted stock and plunder from Battleford was stored on Poundmaker's reserve.

TERRIBLE TYPHOID.

Results of the Pollution of Water.

WILKESBARRE, May 7.—The committee of physicians who examined the Plymouth water in reference to the present epidemic report this evening that they have discovered a satisfactory explanation of the epidemic, and the conclusion is in perfect accord with the accepted scientific theory of the origin of typhoid fever. At the head waters of the mountain streams supplying Plymouth with water is a house in which typhoid fever has prevailed during the last three months. The excreta of the sick were thrown into a closet forty feet from the stream and was washed into the stream by the March rains. The fever broke out about two weeks after the stream was polluted, and thus far a thousand persons have been poisoned. About eighty-five have died.

A HINT FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA.—A residence for the naval commander-in-chief on the Australian station has been purchased by the government of New South Wales for £20,000. Those who have served on that station may remember "Watongs," on the North Shore, Sydney, the property of the Hon. Thomas Cadell. The house is extremely commodious, and the grounds surrounding it occupy an area of four acres. Such an act on the part of the government of that colony speaks largely for their patriotism.

A BLOW-HARD.—A Chinaman blowing a police whistle attracted general attention yesterday afternoon. It was also discovered he had attracted a blow in the eye from somebody, but which blow preceded the other is not exactly certain.

BATTLE OF FISH CREEK.

General Middleton's Bravery.

What the General Thinks of His Men.

FISH CREEK CAMP, April 30.—"I think you criticize me wrongly when you say I exposed myself unwisely last Friday," thus said General Middleton to me this morning *apropos* of numerous strictures by almost every one. "I couldn't do otherwise," he continued, "I had green troops, and, worse still, green officers—green in the sense that they had never been under fire before. They did well and bravely, but while you can drill a man into a soldier in a few months, it takes years to educate officers in which a general commanding can have implicit confidence. If I had been in command of regulars, or, possibly, if Lord Melgund had been with me from the first, I would have taken a position in rear of the line of battle, set up my flag, and sent my orders. I would have done this, that is as soon as the troops had been inspired with confidence. I value my life as much as any one can, and it is not necessary to prove my bravery at least in England where I am known, but it was necessary that I shouldn't dodge. By the way," pointing at his astrachan cap with a smile, "If I had been ducking when that fellow hit me the bullet would have gone into the top of my head and my quietus made. If I hadn't exposed myself you would all have been scalped."

CONJECTURES.

Despite the above expression, I still believe Gen. Middleton's death would have been more disastrous than anything else; in that it would have been followed by a panic. A tyro can guess what a wholesale scare last Friday would have resulted in. Continuing his conversation the commander said, "I am in an embarrassing, but not a novel position. We have driven off the enemy, but by this enforced wait we are losing all the fruits of victory, while the enemy are boasting that we are afraid to move, and are given ample time to make further preparations for escape or defence. I know the effect of delay is bad, yet what can I do? Here I am with

NEARLY FORTY WOUNDED,

and the long expected boat is not even within hail from 100 miles southward. I can't move the wounded to Saskatoon, for that is two days' march away, and the one day transport to Clark's Crossing by waggon and rough roads may, the doctors say, result fatally in several cases. Send them to Clark's Crossing, and the wounded can't be left without a guard or without ample medical assistance! I can spare neither from my present force. I can no longer trust to the boat, but must order her munitions and stores forward overland. We have a good deal of ammunition, and oats enough for several days. I have

NO COMPLAINTS TO MAKE

of the transport service. It is very effective, and I should not wait one day longer for either. The horses couldn't starve before we attacked Batouche. It is the wounded, and I find myself in the fix many of your own generals and those of England have been in scores of times before."

Rifle Match.

The following are the scores made in the rifle match held on Saturday afternoon at Clover Point. The wind was blowing very hard which probably accounts for the smallness of the scores:

200 yards—J. Langley, 18; J. Smith, 16; Goepel, 16; Van Horst, 14; Randall, 14; Simms, 14.

300 yards—J. Smith, 14; H. Roper, 14; J. Roper, 12; Randall, 12; H. Smith, 11; Townsend, 11.

400 yards—H. Roper, 19; Wolsoott, 18; Bull, 17; Fox, 13; Hilborne, 11; Cox, 10.

600 yards—Roper, 11; Allatt, 8; Wollcott, 8; Goepel, 8; Faucett, 7; Beckett, 6.

CONSOLATION.

Newburg, 13; Crowther, 8; Pethrick, 8; Cook, 5.

All the above won prizes.

Thanks are due to Capt. Fletcher for the interest taken in the shooting and his kindness in keeping the score.

DELAYED DISPATCHES.

Gladstone's Attitude on the Eastern States--Crimes Bill,

EUROPE.

NEW YORK, May 17.—The Sun's London special says: Everybody remarked how miserable and thoroughly ashamed Gladstone looked last night, when announcing his policy on the crimes act. He shrank before the outburst of wrath from the thinly filled Irish benches, as he never did in the worst times from the tories. Gladstone protested against the government proposals being called coercion, and tried to soothe the storm by a piteous request that everybody try to retain good humor. The result is a triumph for the combination of the cabinet of which Spencer and Harcourt are chief members. The Parnellites view the situation tranquilly, if not with satisfaction. The Parnellites, after much deliberation have virtually decided upon their programme. The tories must be exterminated in Ulster, by a combination with the whigs, and a partition of seats between them and the Parnellites. In England, Irishmen will vote the tory ticket, except in such rare cases as those of Cowen, Labouchere and Thompson of Durham, and Storey of Sunderland. Extermination of Irish Orangemen will remove a great obstacle to the English section of the tory party examining the Irish demands in a spirit of possible compromise, while in England the Irish vote turning over forty or fifty seats will prevent the liberals from obtaining that sweeping majority which the Parnellites now consider one of the greatest dangers to their future course.

The following members of the *St. John's Ladies' Aid Society* will thankfully receive any contributions to their Old English Market: Mrs. Jenns, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Rout Harvey, Mrs. R. Byrn, Mrs. Kent, Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Blaiklock, Mrs. E. M. Johnson.

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THE DEACON'S WEEK.

[Rose Terry Cooke.]

The communion service of January was just over in the church at Sugar Hollow, and people were waiting for Mr. Parkes to give out the hymn, but he did not give it out; he laid his book down on the table, and looked about on his church.

He was a man of simplicity and sincerity, fully in earnest to do his Lord's work, and do it with all his might, but he did sometimes feel discouraged. His congregation was a mixture of farmers and mechanics, for Sugar Hollow was cut in two by Sugar brook, a brawling, noisy stream that turned the wheel of many a mill and manufactory, yet on the hills around it there was a still scattered population eating their bread in the full perception of the primeval curse. So he had to contend with the keen brain and skeptical comment of the men who plqued themselves on power to hammer at theological problems as well as hot iron, with the jealousy and repulsion and bitter feeling that has bred the communistic hordes abroad and at home; while perhaps he had a still harder task to awaken the sluggish souls of those who used their days to struggle with barren hillside and rocky pasture for mere food and clothing, and their nights to sleep the dull sleep of physical fatigue and mental vacuity.

It seemed sometimes to Mr. Parkes that nothing but the trump of Gabriel could arouse his people from their sins and make them believe on the Lord and follow his footsteps. To-day—no—a long time before to-day, he had mused and prayed till an idea took shape in his thought, and now he was to put it in practice; yet he felt peculiarly responsible and solemnized as he looked about him and foreboded the success of his experiment. Then there flashed across him, as words of Scripture will come back to the habitual Bible reader, the noble utterance of Gamaliel concerning Peter and his brethren when they stood before the counsel: "If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it." So with a sense of strength the minister spoke.

"My dear friends," he said, "you all know, though I did not give any notice to that effect, that this week is the week of prayer. I have a mind to ask you to make for this once a week of practice instead. I think we may discover some things, some of the things of God, in this manner, that a succession of prayer-meetings would not perhaps so thoroughly reveal to us. Now when I say this I don't mean to have you go home and vaguely endeavor to walk straight in the old way; I want you to take 'topics,' as they are called, for the prayer-meetings. For instance, Monday is prayer for the temperance work. Try all that day to be temperate in speech, in act, in indulgence of any kind that is hurtful to you. The next day is for Sunday-schools; go and visit your scholars, such of you as are teachers, and try to feel that they have living souls to save. Wednesday is a day for fellowship meeting; we are cordially invited to attend a union meeting of this sort at Bantam. Few of us can go twenty-five miles to be with our brethren there; let us spend that day in cultivating our brethren here; let us go and see those who have been cold to us for some reason, heal up our breaches of friendship, confess our shortcomings one to another, and act as if, in our Master's words, 'all ye are brethren.'

"Thursday is the day to pray for the family relation; let us each try to be to our families on that day in our measure what the Lord is to His family, the church, remembering the words, 'Fathers provoke not your children to anger.' 'Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them.' These are texts rarely commented upon I have noticed in our conference meetings; we are more apt to speak of the obedience due from children, and the submission and meekness our wives owe us, forgetting that duties are always reciprocal.

"Friday the church is to be prayed for. Let us then each for himself try to act that day just as we think Christ, our great Exemplar, would have acted in our places. Let us try to prove to ourselves and the world about us that we have not taken upon us His name lightly or in vain. Saturday is prayer-day for the heathen and foreign missions. Brethren, you know and I know what there are beside us at our doors here; let every one of you who will take that day to preach the gospel to some one who does not hear it anywhere else. Perhaps you will find work that ye know not of lying in your midst. And let us all on Saturday evening meet here again and choose some one brother to relate his experience for the week. You who are willing to try this method, please to rise."

Everybody rose except old Amos Tucker, who never stirred, though his wife pulled at him and whispered to him imploringly. He only shook his grizzled head and sat immovable.

"Let us sing the doxology," said Mr. Parkes; and it was sung with full fervor. The new idea had roused the church fully; it was something fixed and positive to do; it was the lever-point Archimedes longed for, and each felt ready and strong to move a world.

Saturday night the church assembled again. The cheerful eagerness was gone from their faces; they looked downcast, troubled, weary, as the pastor expected. When the box for ballots was passed about, each one tore a bit of paper from the sheet placed in the hymn-books for that purpose, and wrote on it a name. The pastor said, after he had counted them:

"Deacon Emmons, the lot has fallen on you."

"I'm sorry for 't," said the deacon, rising up, and taking off his overcoat. "I ha' n't got the best of records, Mr. Parkes, now I tell ye."

"That isn't what we want," said Mr. Parkes. "We want to know the whole experience of some one among us, and we know you will not tell us either more or less than what you did experience."

Deacon Emmons was a short, thick-set man, with a red, round, kindly face and gray hair, who kept the village store and had a well-earned reputation for honesty.

"Well, brethren," he said, "I dono why I shouldn't tell it. I am pretty well ashamed of myself, no doubt, but I ought to be, and maybe I shall profit by what I've found out these six days back. I'll tell you just as it comes. Monday I looked about me to begin with. I am amazing fond of coffee, and it ain't good for me, the doctor says it ain't; but, dear me it does set a man up good, cold mornings, to have a cup of hot, sweet, tasty drink, and I haven't had the grit to refuse! I knew it made my whole folks call me nervous and I call cross before night come; and I knew it fetched on spells of low spirits when our folks couldn't get a word out of me—not a good one, anyway; so I thought I'd try on that to begin with. I tell you it come hard! I hankered after that drink of coffee dreadful! Seemed as though I couldn't eat my breakfast without it. I feel to pity a man that loves it nor more'n I ever did in my life before; but I feel sure they can stop if they try, for I've stopped, and I'm a goin' to stay stopped.

"Well, come to dinner, there was another fight. I do set by pie the most of anything. I was fetched up on pie, as you may say. Our folks always had it three times a day, and the doctor has been talkin' and talkin' to me about eatin' pie. I have the dyspepsia like everything, and it makes me useless by spells, and as onrellable as a weather cock. An' Dr. Drake he says there won't nothing help me but to diet. I was readin' the Bible that morning while I was waitin' for breakfast, for 'twas Monday and wife was kind of set back with washin' and all, and I come across that part where it says that the bodies of Christians are temples of the Holy Ghost. Well, thinks I, we'd ought to take care of 'em if they be, and see that they're kep' clean and pleasant, like the church; and nobody can be clean nor pleasant that has dyspepsy. But, come to pie, I felt as though I couldn't, and, lo ye, I didn't! I eat a piece right against my conscience, facin' what I knew I ought to do, I went and done what I ought not to. I tell ye my conscience made music of me considerable, and I said I wouldn't never sneer at a drinkin' man no more when he slipped up. I'd feel for him, and help him, for I see just how it was. So that day's practice giv' out, but it learnt me a good deal more'n I knew before.

"I started out next day to look up my Bible class. They haven't really tended up to Sunday-school as they ought to along back, but I was busy; here and there, and there didn't seem to be a real chance to get to it. Well, I would take the evenin' to tell it all, but I found one real sick, been abed three weeks and was so glad to see me that I felt fair ashamed. Seemed as though I heard the Lord for the first time sayin': 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.' Then another man's old mother says to me before he come in from the shed, says she: 'He's been a-savin' that if folks practiced what they preached you'd ha' come round to look him up before now, but he reckoned you kinder looked down on mill hands. I'm awful glad you come.' Brethering, so was I! I tell you, that day's work done me good. I got a poor opinion of Josiah Emmons, now I tell ye, but I learned more about the Lord's wisdom than a month of Sundays ever showed me."

A smile he could not repress passed over Mr. Parkes' earnest face. The deacon had forgotten all external issues in coming so close to the heart of things; but the smile passed as he said:

"Brother Emmons, do you remember what the master said; 'If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself?'"

"Well, it's so," answered the deacon; "it's so right along. Why, I never thought so much of my Bible class nor took no sech int'rest in 'em as I do to-day—not since I begun to teach. I b'lieve they'll come more reg'lar now too."

"Now come fellowship-day. I thought that would be all plain sailin'; seemed as though I'd got warmed up till I felt pleasant toward everybody; so I went around seein' folks that was neighbors, and 'twas easy; but when I come home at noon spell, Philury says, says she: 'Squire Tucker's black bull is into th' orchard a-tearin' round, and he's knocked two lengths o' fence down flat!' Well, the old Adam riz up then, you'd better b'lieve. That black bull has been a-breakin' into my lots ever sence we got in th' aftermath, and it's Squire Tucker's fence, and he won't make it bull-strong as he'd oughter, and that orchard was a young one jest coming to bear, and all the new wood crisp as cracklin's with frost. You'd better b'lieve I didn't have much feellerfeelin' with Amos Tucker. I jest put over to his house and spoke pretty free to him, when he looked up and says, says he: 'Fellowship-meetin' day, a'n't it, deacon?' I'd rather he'd ha' slapped my face. I felt as though I should like to slip behind the door. I see pretty distinct what sort of life I'd been livin' all the years I'd been a professor, when I couldn't hold on to my tongue and temper one day!"

"Breth-e-ren," interrupted a slow, harsh voice, somewhat broken with emotion, "I'll tell the rest on 't. Josiah Emmons came around like a man an' a Christian right there. He asked me for to forgive him and not to think 'twas the fault of his religion, because 'twas his'n and nothin' else. I think more of him to-day than I ever done before. I was one that wouldn't say I'd practice with the rest of ye. I thought 'twas everlastin' nonsense. I'd rather go to forty-nine prayer-meetings than work at bein' good a week. I b'lieve my hope has been one of them that perish; it hain't worked, and I leave it behind to-day. I mean to begin honest, and it was seein' one honest Christian man fetched me round to 't."

Amos Tucker sat down and buried his grizzled head in his rough hands.

"Bless the Lord!" said the quavering tones of a still older man from a far corner of the house, and many a glistening eye gave silent response.

"Go on, brother Emmons," said the minister.

"Well, when next day come I got up to make the fire, and my boy Joe had forgot the kindlins. I'd opened my mouth to give him Jesse, when it come over me sudden that this was the day of prayer for the family relation. I thought I wouldn't say nothin'. I jest fetched in the kindlins myself, and when the fire burnt up good I called wife.

"'Dear me,' says she, 'I've got such a headache. Sich, but I'll come in a minnit.' I didn't mind that, for women are always havin' aches, and I was jest a goin' to say so, when I remembered the tex' about not bein' bitter against 'em, so I says: 'Philury, you lay a-bed. I expect Emmy and me can get the vittles to day.' I declare, she turned over and gave me sech a look; why, it struck right in. There was my wife, that had worked for an' waited on me twenty-odd year, most scar't because I spoke kind of feelin' to her. I went out and fetched in the pail o' water she's always drawn herself, and then I milked the cow. When I come in Philury was up fryin' the potatoes, and the tears a-shinin' on her white face. She didn't say nothin', she's kinder still, but she hadn't no need to. I felt a leetle meaner'n I did the day before. But I want no nothin' to my condition when I was goin', towards night, down the sullar stairs for some apples, so's the children could have a roast, and I heered Joe up in the kitchen say to Emmy: 'I do b'lieve, Em, pa's gain' to die.' 'Why, Josiah Emmons, how you talk!' 'Well, I do; he's so everlastin' pleasant and good-natered I can't but think he's struck with death.'

"I tell ye, brethren, I set right down on them sullar stairs and cried. I did, really. Seemed as though the Lord had turned and looked at me jest as he did at Peter. Why, there was my own children never see me act real fatherly and pretty in all their lives. I'd growled and scolded and prayed at 'em, and tried to fetch 'em up just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined, ye know, but I hadn't never thought that they'd got right and reason to expect I'd do my part as well as they their'n. Seemed as though I was fludin' out more about Josiah Emmons' shortcomin's than was real agreeable.

"Come around Friday I got back to the store. I'd kind o' left it to the boys the early part of the week, and things was a little outerin', but I did have sense not to tear round and use sharp words so much as common. I began to think 'twas gettin' easy to practice after five days, when in come Lurige Herrick's wife after some curt'in calico. I had a hansome piece, all done off with roses an' things, but there was a fault in the weavin'—every now and then a thin streak. She didn't notice it, but she was pleased with the figures on it, and said she'd take the whole piece. Well, just as I was wrappin' of it up, what Mr. Parkes here said about tryin' to act jest as the Lord would in our place, came acrost me. Why, I turned as red as a beet, I know I did. It made me all of a tremble. There was I, a door-keeper in the tents of my God, as David says, really cheatin', and cheatin' a woman. I tell ye, brethren, I was all of a sweat. 'Mis' Herrick,' says I, 'I don't believe you've looked real close at this goods; 'tain't thorough wove,' says I. So she didn't take it; but what fetched me was to think how many times I'd done such mean, onreliable little things to turn a penny, and all the time sayin' and prayin' that I wanted to be like Christ. I kep' a-trippin' of myself up all day jest in the ordinary business, and I was a peg lower down when night come than I was a Thursday. I'd rather, as far as the hard work is concerned, lay a mile of four-foot swamp wall than undertake to do a man's livin' Christian duty for twelve workin' hours; and the heft of that is, it's because I ain't used to it, and I ought to be.

"So this mornin' came around, and I felt a mite more cherk. 'Twa missionary mornin', and seemed as if 'twas a sight easier to preach than to practice. I thought I'd begin to old Mis' Selders. So I put a Testament in my pocket and knocked to her door. Says I, 'Good mornin', marm, and then I stopped. Words seemed to hang somehow. I didn't want to pop right out that I'd come over to try'n convert her folks. I hemmed and a-whered a little, and finally I said, says I: 'We don't see you to meetin' very frequent, Mis' Vedder.

"'No, you don't,' sez she as quick as a wink. 'I stay to home and mind my business.'

"'Well, we should like to hev you come along with us and do ye good,' says I.

"'Hook a here, deacon!' she snapped. 'I've lived alongside of you fifteen years, and you knowed I never went to a meetin' we ain't a pious lot, and you knowed it; we're poorer'n death and uglier'n sin. Jim he drinks and swears, and Malvin' dono her letters. She knows a heap she hadn't ought to, besides. Now what are you a-comin' here to-day for, I'd like to know, and talkin' so glib about meetin'? Go to meetin'! I'll go or come jest as I darn please, for all you. Now get out o' this!' Why, she come at me with a broomstick. There wasn't no need on t; what she said was enough. I hadn't never asked her nor her'n to so much as think of goodness before. Then I went to another place jest like that—I won't call no more names—and sure enough there was ten children in rags, the hull on 'em, and the man half drunk. He giv it to me, too, and I don't wonder. I'd never lift a hand to serve nor save 'em before in all these years. I'd said considerably about the heathen in foreign parts, and give some little for to convert 'em, and I had looked right over the heads of them that was next door. Seemed as if I could hear Him say: 'These ought ye to have done, and not have left the other undone.' I couldn't face another soul to-day, brethren. I come home, and here I be. I've been searched through and through, and found wantin'. God be merciful to me a sinner!"

He dropped into his seat, and bowed his head; and many another bent too. It was plain that the deacon's experience was not the only one among the brethren. Mr. Parkes rose, and prayed as he had never prayed before; the week of practice had fired his heart too. And it began a memorable year for the church in Sugar Hollow; not a year of excitement or enthusiasm, but one when they heard their Lord saying, as to Israel of old, "Go forward," and they obeyed His voice. The Sunday school flourished, the church services were fully attended, every good thing was helped on its way, and peace reigned in their homes and hearts, imperfect, perhaps, as new growths are, but still an offshoot of the peace past understanding.

And another year they will keep another week of practice by common consent.

The Issue of Cents.

[Chicago Journal.]

The first coin ever issued in this country was the old-fashioned cart-wheel cent. The first issue was in 1793, and there were three dies made. With the single exception of the year 1815 there has been no break in the issue of cents from that time to the present. The labor required to secure a sample of the three varieties of cents made in 1793 is very great, and they bring from $3 to $5 each. The cent of 1794 is a trifle more common and can be bought for about 60 cents, while a sample of the issue of 1795 is worth $1.25. It was in this year that the liberty cap was changed to the fillet head, and these were issued regularly for thirteen years, when the Goddess of Liberty appeared on the face of the coin, with thirteen stars surrounding it. A cent of the issue of 1799, in good condition, is worth $40 or $50.

Why Bismarck Admired Fleury.

[Rochester Democrat.]

Bismarck has nothing but contempt for democracy. The stories that he likes are those of men who have outwitted mobs. During the seige of Paris, while he was at Versailles, a poor war applicant for by a relative of M. Cuvillier Fleury, the eminent critic and member of the French academy. The chancellor at once gave the pass, saying: "M. Fleury is an admirable man. I know a capital story about him." The story was this: M. Fleury, who had been tutor to the Duc d'Aumale, was in 1848 private secretary to the duchess of Orleans. When the revolution of February broke out, a rabble invaded the palais royal, where the princess resided, and began smashing works of art, pictures, statuettes, and knickknacks. All the household was seized with panic except M. Fleury, who, throwing off his coat, smeared his face and hands with coal, caught up a poker, and rushed among the mob, shouting: "Fire. I'll show you where the best pictures are." So saying, he plied his poker upon furniture of no value, and, thus winning the confidence of the rougns, was able to lead them out of the royal apartments into the kitchen regions, where they spent their patriotic fury upon the contents of larder and coal car.

The sequel of this story is very droll, and Bismarck relates it with great relish. A few days after he had saved the palais royal, M. Fleury was recognized in the street as the duchess of Orleans' secretary and mobbed. He was being somewhat roughly hustled when a hulking water-carrier elbowed his way through the throng, and roared: "Let that man be! He is one of the right sort. He led us to the pillage of the palais royal the other day!"

A 10-Year-Old's Biography.

[Kansas City Journal.]

Following is the biography of a 10-year-old youngster of this city's public school, written by himself:

First—When and where were you born? Of what descent?

Second—Where have you lived?

Third—How have you spent your life?

Fourth—What remarkable things have happened to you?

Fifth—What should you like to become?

"I was born in Kansas City, Jackson county, Mo., West of the Mississippi, U. S. A.; Western Hemisphere; Tuesday, Jan. 18, 1873.

"I am English descent. I have lived in Kansas City all my life.

"Once I tumbled down a well, and was fished out with a clothes-line. I fell down steps two or three times, and mashed my fingers nearly off once. Once I fell in, got in some jam that had Cayenne pepper in it, and it made me dance like a wet hen on a hot brick.

"I want to become an angel."

How Sleigh Bells Are Made.

[Popular Science Monthly.]

How many boys and girls know how sleigh bells are made? The little iron ball is too big to be put through the holes in the bell, and yet it is inside. How did it get there?

This little iron ball is called "the jinglet." When you shake the sleigh bell it jingles. When the horse trots the bells jingle, jingle, jingle. In making the bell the jinglet is put inside a little ball of mud, just the shape of the inside of the bell. This mud ball, with the jinglet inside, is placed in the mold of the outside, and the metal is poured in, which fills up the space between the ball and the mold. When the mold is taken off you see a sleigh bell, but it will not ring, as it is full of dirt. The hot metal dries the dirt that the bell is made of, so it can be shaken out. After the dirt is all shaken out of the holes in the bell the little iron jinglet will still be in the bell, and will ring. It took a great many years to think out how to make a sleigh bell.

Reducing the Quantity.

[Chicago Times.]

A writer in one of the English technical papers explains how cold air is the cause of smoke, and how care can reduce it. He would draw the existing fire to the front of a grate and place the coals behind; thus the fire in the front would burn more rapidly, warm the air above, and so prepare the rising gases for conbustion. The smoke is diminished, as the gases from the coals at the back rise much more slowly than when placed upon the fire and the air partly warmed. For stoves and boilers, warm air may be produced for the entire combustion of all the gasses, a result that is beneficial in many ways.

How He Enjoyed It.

[Chronicle "Undertones."]

When a well-known member of this community, now dead, was state senator from this city, he was engaged in some very radical measures which sorely cut into many people whom he thought were in need of reform. They abused him thoroughly, but in his honesty he maintained the fight strongly. A friend of his from the city visited him in Sacramento while the measures were pending.

"Well, what do they say of me in San Fraciscco?"

"They don't speak very well of you."

"What do they say about me? That's what I want to know."

"Well, they say very rough things about you. I don't care to—"

"Speak out. Tell me how they talk."

"They call you a liar, a scoundrel, a thief, an ignoramus, an idiot—everything they think of that's bad."

"Ah," said the senator, rubbing his hands in glee, and chuckling in perfect enjoyment, "they feel me, my boy, they feel me."

Stage-Door Hangers-On.

[New York Sun.]

There is practically no green-room on the American stages, by which I mean there is no such green-rooms as you find in Paris or London, where friends of the managers may congregate during the play to chat with the women of the stage. The American managers are very particular about this, and it is the most difficult thing in the world for a man who has no business there to get on a well-ordered New York stage. There are, of course, one or two actresses in New York, notably the stars, whose fortunes are ample, and who are attended to and from the theatre by their husbands, but that doesn't count, you know. The greatest crowd of hangers-on about the stage door of a theatre is to be found when light opera is running.

If you have never seen a crowd of this character it would pay you to go and stand near the stage entrances of the Casino and the Bijou theatre some night and look at the crowd of eight or ten men whom you will find loitering about there. I don't think you can find the price of an oyster supper among a dozen of them. They are the poorest specimens of humanity that the world can turn out, and if the ambitious girl who dreams of triumphs which come after a great performance on the stage could look them over once she would probably keep on doing housework or teaching school, and give up forever the idea of becoming an actress.

The Rising Generation

sun should find you resolved to give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a thorough trial. It will cleanse and invigorate your blood, and restore the vital organs to their natural functions. Mrs.